Share A Cigarette

The 2nd floor neighbor underneath us has a male guest screaming on the balcony about 'voices in unison, screaming about how much more money we have on this.'

I first noticed it in my right ear, sitting on the couch by the sliding glass doors with open back headphones watching a horror film I hadn't seen before - Talk to Me, from Australia.

Sirens.

'Get the fuck away from me you stupid cunt.'

The sirens don't seem to have been for this incident. The screaming continues, switching directions to the parking lot.

Our downstairs neighbor was/is a registered nurse. Though she has recently been fired from the hospital she worked at, it surprisingly was not for the lives she put in danger while attending patients high on multiples of prescription pills and liquor.

More screaming.

More than once, I have been rudely awakened from slumber by this woman sticking her slobbering tongue in my mouth, dark mascara streams accumulating in deltas down her face, tangles of matted hair jutting out at comical angles from the sides of her cartoonishly plump head.

It always occurred to me that if the reverse had taken place, sexual assault charges would likely - and rightly - been filed.

More sirens. Again, they pass. Happy Thursday before Halloween in San Antonio.

An email has informed of new ultra-sensitive sensors that will soon be standard equipment in vehicles preventing their operation if alcohol is detected. The nurse's Toyota SUV has a breathalyzer installed as a result of a second DWI.

The floor shakes again as the apartment door below our feet slams.

The LED blacklight bulb I have in a floor lamp that a sheet of thick mattress foam is tied to for sound absorption bathes the crowded living room in purple, nearly matching the bluish pallor given off by the frozen image displayed on the television screen used as a second monitor for my eighteen-year-old laptop.

My crowded head begins to complain internally about its capacity being oversold by zealous ticket vendors unafraid of fire marshal's warnings. This show is officially beyond standing room only.

Folder icons of lists screenshot yesterday float in the grey-black rectangle underneath the larger glowing pixels. One is all the English language video hosting sites according to Wikipedia. Two others are accumulations of biased media outlets - right and left wing, labelled Evangelical Targets and Dating Sites respectively.

Vibrations of violence continue to travel from below, just as they do from all sources of self-appointed authority in my country.

They are easily exponentially overwhelmed by what is typing with one finger on a $50 WallyWorld Motorola, daring Them to tap tap tap upon his chamber door.

I am the source plane of existence that Richard Matheson's visions were recorded from. I am What Dreams Have Fermented Into at the Bottom of a Municipal Landfill.

There is one cigarette left, waiting to be sparked from the flame soon to erupt from a black and gold laser etched Cthulhu Zippo.

I hold my thoughts in high relief against the encroaching night. Images built of words of the only people it ever occurs to me I wish to speak with - Laura, Amber, Vixo, Patty.

It is an indeterminate amount of time before I realize the noise underneath has dissolved back into the conversational drone of traffic from Loop 410.

I am disappointed. The curled clocksprings holding back what has accumulated have yet to release.

Therefore, I am tension.

Therefore, I am hatred.

Therefore, the gospel is still my responsibility.